

LAST HOURS IN AFRICA.

Morocco by Lantern Light—Lives of Women Whose Sole Chance for Happiness Lies in Pleasing Men—The Ghetto in Gala Attire.

Special Correspondence.

CITY OF MOROCCO, Nov. 2.—Since little is to be seen of Mohammedan women except a shapeless bundle of white woolen cloth, so arranged over the head and face as to leave only part of one eye exposed, as they shuffle about the streets in heeled slippers, or ride on donkeys led by eunuchs, one cannot judge of their "looks," except as reflected in the children. Strange to say, some of the small folk have perfectly white complexions, and though most of them would be vastly improved by the application of soap and water, they have the loveliest eyes imaginable and an expression of intelligence and great amiability. Babies of the middle and lower classes are carried around in sacks, on the shoulders of their mothers, their bodies encased in little jackets, like Joseph's coat of "many colors," each so tightly girded as to remind one of a well-stuffed sausage.

Of course the Jewish women do not veil their faces. They are usually of the intense brunette type, with magnificent dark eyes and stately bearing, very handsome while young, but like most of their race in other parts of the world, inclined to take on fat at middle age, with moustaches and excessive oiliness of the skin. To see African Jewesses at their best, one must go through the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, of the town one happens to be in, on the Sabbath (our Saturday), when all the shops are closed and business of every kind suspended, the women and girls, in their gala attire, squatted on the flat roofs of their houses. All wear long straight gowns, without collar, and trimming of any kind, but of the richest silk, in gorgeous shades of combination of orange, purple, crimson and green. Each dress is confined at the waist by a gold-embroidered girdle, usually a foot wider than the body, and is decorated with a heavy chain of pure gold, wound round and round her neck and falling far down in front, armlets of gold and silver, and many rings, both on fingers and toes. In stockinged feet are encased in colored, pointed slippers, which she drops off when sitting, probably to ease the pressure of the toe-rings. When abroad she wears a plain band of white linen bound about her chin, and a black silk scarf tightly folded across the forehead and falling down behind, a great jeweled ornament keeping it in place at the back of the head. There are fully three thousand Jews in Morocco city, and it is said that not one of them is poor, though, of necessity, they live outwardly like beggars. Mussulmen consider them "unclean animals" and enemies of God, and therefore heap every species of insult and oppression upon them. If it is mistrusted that a son of Israel has prospered and they have ready money in his house, the place is inevitably looted, under pretense of tax gathering in the name of the sultan, and the poor fellow may consider himself extremely lucky if he gets off with nothing worse than loss of his cash and a booting-and-stomping that does not actually cripple him for life. Every night the Jews are securely locked in their own walled quarter, known as the Mellah, or place of damnation, and are not permitted to go outside till after sunrise, whatever happens. When abroad, the Jews must always wear black clothes, in token of misfortune and humiliation; and go barefooted, lest by any chance they be guilty of the unpardonable offense of sitting on a holy house, or in the vicinity of a holy house, while to pass a mosque, or even to enter a street in which one is situated, means death to the offender. Whenever a Jew meets a "true believer," he must step far

aside that by no possibility can their garments touch; and if he has occasion to enter the presence of any official, he must repeatedly salaam till his forehead touches the ground, kissing the hem of the ruler's robes, and making other confessions of degradation. Yet the despised and hated Hebrews are such useful citizens that laws have been passed forbidding them to leave the country. Nobody else can build a house, make or mend a lock, manufacture gold and silver trinkets, weave silk and woolen cloth, all of which occupations the lazy Moors and Arabs regard with supreme contempt. Inside their houses, when the day's work is done and the gates of the Mellah securely locked for the night, the Hebrew gentleman is altogether a different character from the shabby and cringing creature to be met on the street. He dons a rich robe, long and flowing, a green and purple turban, gold-embroidered waistcoat and sash, ample trousers caught with jeweled bands below the knees, blue silk stockings and sandals of red, green or yellow Morocco. He is bountiful, hospitality personified as his nightly guests partake of good cheer, including raki, or Jewish wine.

Speaking of the sultan's levies on his compelled-to-be-dutiful subjects—his treasury is located at Mequinez. It is called Beit-el-me, (house of fund) and is believed to contain money, jewels, bullion, etc., to the amount of fifty or sixty millions. Nobody knows for certain, however, as the mysterious and impenetrable structure is guarded night and day by two thousand blacks. Besides the sultan has the uncomfortable habit of putting to death, immediately afterwards, all the persons employed in depositing treasure in the house of fund. No wonder that so many people prefer the nomad life of the desert, to living in the towns of Morocco. To attract the sultan's notice in any way is generally fatal. He sets about enquiring whether the man is likely to have any money; and if so, is bound to get it out of him, on one pretext or another. If no more convenient means to the desired end suggests itself, the man is ordered to do something like conveying treasure—to obey which order means death, and to disregard it is to lose his head.

As to evening amusement in Morocco—I can tell you of them only by hearsay, as in these parts women must stay indoors after nightfall. The gentlemen of our party have made the limited rounds, (all in one short evening), and below is the result of their observations. Conveyed by a guide, carrying a lantern, they set out at 8 o'clock. There is no twilight in these regions and by that time the narrow streets are pitch dark, not a ray of light anywhere. The guide, carrying a lantern, leads them to the principal cafe—a dingy old place, in which are several rooms, and "music by the band." It is the order every evening. The rooms are tolerably filled with Mohammedans, (all sitting on the carpet) having left their shoes to one side. Drinking black coffee, or tea with peppermint in it, smoking keef and playing chess, but grave as automotons and saying seldom a word to one another. To the left was the music room, where chairs were placed for the foreign visitors. The band included a rebab, which is the Arabic ancestor of the violin, and two broad instruments—half guitar, half mandolin; while another man rattled castanets and a third clapped his hands in time to the discord. All sane as they played, at first, an apparently interminable repetition of the same phrase, very loud and monotonous, then suddenly bursting into indescribable fire and animation. The listeners were enraptured, and the guide said the musicians were singing about the good old times in Spain, which Moors and Arabs dream of by night and day, always with the hope that Allah may return them to their heritage.

IT IS IMPORTANT To Know What You Are Taking When Using Catarrh Medicines.

Catarrh is the short route to consumption, and the importance of early and judicious treatment of catarrh, whether located in the head, throat or bronchial tubes, cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The list of catarrh cures is as long as the moral law and the forms in which they are administered, numerous and confusing. From sprays, inhalers, washes, ointments, and salves to powders, liquids, and tablets.

The tablet form is undoubtedly the most convenient and the most effective, but with nearly all advertised catarrh remedies it is almost entirely a matter of guess work as to what you are taking into your system, as the proprietors, while making all sorts of claims as to what their medicines will do, always keep it a close secret as to what they are.

The success and popularity of the new catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, is largely because it not only cures catarrh but because catarrh sufferers who use these tablets know what they are taking into their systems. Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are composed of Red Gum, Blood Root and similar valuable and antiseptic ingredients, and are pleasant to the taste and being dissolved in the mouth they take immediate effect upon the mucous membrane of the throat, nasal passages and whole respiratory tract.

The cures that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have accomplished in old chronic cases of catarrh are little short of remarkable, and the advantage of knowing what you are putting into your stomach is of paramount importance when it is remembered that the cocaine or morphine habit has been frequently contracted as the result of using secret catarrh remedies.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets meet with cordial approval from physicians, because their antiseptic character renders them perfectly safe for the general public to use and their composition makes them a common sense cure for all forms of catarrhal troubles. All druggists sell them at 50c for full sized package.

Another cafe-concert was held in the courtyard of a caravanserai, over which a temporary roof of bamboo had been thrown. Divans were placed around the outside for the guests, while the musicians in oriental costumes, sat crosslegged on the ground in the middle. Coffee and pipes filled with Turkish tobacco were served; and at intervals the band made hideous noises on their rude instruments, or sang with a nasal twang a monotonous refrain in the minor key, wind instruments were occasionally introduced, and the effect was like a Chinese symphony, or a cat concert on the back fence.

The next place they visited seemed to require extraordinary explanation, though why there was need of it our friends had no idea. The turbaned guide, in his white cotton robe and yellow slippers, darted down a street that was, if possible, narrower and darker than the others. Peering furtively to right and left, he finally knocked at a door; a shutter was cautiously opened, a brief parley ensued and the party were admitted, the door being instantly shut and bolted behind them. Perhaps they were going to be robbed and murdered, and each of the Americans derived what comfort he could from thoughts of his trusty revolver. Across a dark courtyard and up a short flight of stairs they proceeded, into a moderately sized room which had no furniture whatever except a pile of cushions at one end and two large lamps, shaded with pink tissue-paper suspended from the ceiling. The gentlemen had hardly time to settle themselves among the cushions when an elderly Jew appeared, which seemed to be the signal for the guide to retire, as he shuffled out in haste. Then at the far end of the room, through some door concealed by a rug on the wall, entered three tall, magnificent Jewish girls, attired in the costume of Bluebeard's wives, according to the pictures. Their loose trousers were gathered at the ankles, their bare feet encased in ruffled slippers, gauze kilts extended to the knee, small close-fitting sleeveless jackets exposed the arms, and long, silken but perfectly transparent veils covered their faces. They at once began a slow, graceful

dance, supplying themselves with music by singing a sweet, wailing Hebrew melody, the rhythm of sound and motion accurately maintained by the measured clapping of their hands. The transparent veils revealed sparkling, khol-darkened eyes, softened and beautified by the pink light. The dance itself was merely a series of rapid poses, all gracefully joined together by the tiny, floating veils, later twisting above and around the dancers. Suddenly, to the amazement of the staid, middle-aged and strictly orthodox spectators, the gray outer garments of the girls began to fall behind them, like leaves from an overblown rose; till at last they danced in the pink light, enveloped only in the now rapidly twirling veils which cast a blur over the figures; and in an instant they had disappeared and the performance was over.

One more call completed this Arabian night's entertainment, and that was to the house of some Moorish dancing girls. Public sentiment is so strong against Mohammedan females appearing unveiled before "Christian dogs," that there really was a spice of danger in their excursion and the guide employed as much caution as if on a mission of burglary. Passing through a courtyard, several women were observed squatting about the floor, all of whom instantly veiled their faces when the strangers passed through, though it was too dark to distinguish features. An old woman led them to an inner apartment and shut them in, disappearing with the guide. Presently two very young Moorish girls came in, veiled with white lace and carrying tambourines. They danced in time to their own music, and finally uncovered their faces—an act which to them meant as much as the donning of tight to an American "variety" girl. They were not pretty, except for glorious eyes, and their dancing was as bad as their music. Worst of all, they wore the faded, unattractive smile of woman whose only chance of happiness in life depends upon their power to please male creatures. These poor things, though by no means thin, were not fat enough to come up to the Moorish standard of beauty; else they would doubtless have been luxuriating in some harem, instead of being reduced to the dreiful necessity of dancing before "dogs of unbelievers" in night-time by fear of the police.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Second Class Matter.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office.

We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not forgetting all this, the judge, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take to the United States court, and, forgetting all this, he stamped, he put on his hat and went out. As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened and finally asked:

"Anything—er—wrong, sir?" "Yes, sir!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by all druggists.

Disease and danger lurk in the vital organs. The blood becomes vitiated and the general health is undermined whenever the stomach and liver fail to perform their functions as nature intended. HERBINE will tone up the stomach, regulate the liver, where other preparations only relieve. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. I.

How an Oklahoma Land Dispute Was Settled Outside of Court.

Back in the early summer of 1893 two men were sitting on one claim in western Oklahoma. They had been sitting there for some months—in fact, ever since the opening of that particular part of the territory. In the rush that had attended the opening one man had staked out the section. The other had been first at the land office and filed a claim to the same piece of land before attempting to occupy it. Thus arose a controversy such as was matched by hundreds of others in different parts of the territory.

The two men had entrenched themselves and watched each other with shotguns in their hands for the first few days. Then one hoisted a flag of truce and proposed a temporary compromise. The terms of this compromise were that a line was to be drawn across the quarter section and that each was to keep to his respective side of the line. Each was to build himself a temporary shack and put in crops with the understanding that both crops and shacks should revert to the legal owner of the section when the case came to be decided by the processes of the slow-going courts of law. Great was not to do prejudice the case of either when it finally came up in court, and it was understood that if either one ventured over the dividing line the other was at liberty to have recourse to the shotgun.

Thus the matter stood for some months, and each man kept a sharp eye on the shack of his neighbor and left his loaded shotgun within easy reach. Then one day, when the sun beat down with a scorching heat that made plowing impossible, a strong wind blew up—a wind that seemed to blow from the south, swiftly shifting and changing hue, now black, now purple, now greenish-yellow, rolled up in the southwest. The farmers that had come from Kansas and Missouri retired to their cellars, if they possessed such luxuries, and the tender feet got out their cameras and prepared to photograph the wonderful cloud effects.

The clouds shut out the sun, and there arose a subdued, tremulous buzzing and then into a sudden roar. Then out of the dark cloud masses came a wonderful pillar, a dusty-gray column that looked like the lower end of a gigantic balloon. The column was indistinct at first, but it advanced across the prairie with the speed of an express train, and as it came nearer and nearer the buzzing sound increased to a roar that was like a hundred Niagaras.

Smith, the man who occupied one side of the dead line on the disputed quarter section, was from northern Missouri. When he saw the shape of the yellow balloon tall he called to his wife and they made a run for a little hole he had dug in his front yard. They let themselves in and closed the trap door that covered it, and then both lay low waiting for the shock they knew was coming.

Jones, on the other side of the line, and these maneuvers, but, being from eastern Tennessee, he thought only that his neighbor might be intending to reopen hostilities, and so he took his shotgun and sat in his shack, with his aiming eye and his trigger cocked toward the dead line.

The roaring that came from the approaching column increased in intensity; the earth trembled, the air sang with a hissing noise. Suddenly day was blotted out and hades was let loose. Smith and his wife could neither see nor think, but they instinctively tried to hold on to the very earth beneath them, which seemed to be hurled up into the air and whirled about like a scrap of paper.

In a few minutes the roaring sound began to lessen, the reeling earth became still again, and the swift patter

of pouring rain was heard falling on the trap door. After fifteen minutes of suspense, Smith cautiously raised the door and peered out. The rain had slackened and the sun was shining.

Smith looked about him. There stood his shack uninjured. His cotton and corn had suffered only in the loss of a few leaves. Then he looked over at beyond the dead line and gave a great shout. Jones had disappeared; so had his shack; so had his wagons and tools, and the shed where he had kept his team.

There was a broad, smooth track across the prairie where these had stood—a track from which the grass was gone, and which looked as though an army of Kansas grasshoppers had passed over it.

Some men would have sat down to think over such a remarkable occurrence, but Smith did not. He hurried out his mules, hitched up his plow and ran a furrow around the whole claim, while his wife stood guard with the gun to await Jones' return. Smith was going to establish his claim to that quarter section then and there, but he might have spared his haste, for Jones did not reappear, and nothing was heard from him for several weeks. Then Smith, received a letter dated from a town forty miles away in an adjoining county. The letter read:

"Dear Sir: I write to let you know that you can have that farm all to yourself, for I will never come back to that country or make any fight in the court. When the cyclone came along that day I felt as though I was flying up and apart, like a bag of feathers, and that was the last I knew until I came to about six miles from here, with part of my own front porch heaped on top of me. A fellow came along and dug me out, and I found I had nothing broken except one rib. I found one of my mules also by the side of the scuttling to which he had been hitched, and the other one I heard of the next day three miles away. They weren't hurt, so I have my team and myself, and there is a claim here whose owner was blown away, and hasn't been heard of, so I have taken that. I'll stay here unless another cyclone comes along. Then you may hear from me in Arkansas, or back in Tennessee. Hoping you are still there, respectfully,

"A. JONES."

This is a cyclone story that can be verified, for Smith filed the letter with the court in establishing his title to the quarter section. For that reason the story is worth repeating, but, of course, it is not one that would attract much attention out in the cyclone country, except that it is the only case on record where the storm usurped the functions of judge and jury.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Wanted to Know the Worst.

A good story is told of a digger who had ridden into a western Australian town to consult a doctor. Having done so, he went to have the prescription made up.

"How much is this lot?" he asked the chemist. "Well, let me see," was the reply. "There's seven-and-sixpence for the medicine and a shilling for the bottle." He hesitated, uncertain whether he had charged for everything.

"Oh, hurry up, boss," said the impatient miner. "Put a price on the cork, and let us know the worst."—Tit Bits.

Astonishing Discovery.

From Coopersville, Mich., comes word of a wonderful discovery of a pleasant tasting liquid that when used before retiring by any one troubled with a bad cough always ensures a good night's rest. "It will soon cure the cough too," writes Mrs. S. Himeburg, "for three generations of our family have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and never found its equal for Cough and Croup." It's an unrivaled life-saver when used for desperate lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 60c, and \$1.00 at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Trial bottles free.

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DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD. Elixir of Life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seems to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on a sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and thus for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The name have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

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